Dear Harold,

I know that you are going to be somewhat surprised to hear from me especially after everything including the trouble I caused you. God if you only knew how I regretted all that.

The reason I'm writting though is to ask you if you have ever heard of an author named Hoding Carter and what can you tell me about him. I met he and his wife in DePaul Hospital where he and I were both patients.

You see I had some work done on my leg that wasn't successful and now I have to wear a brace on it. Anyway they kept me on drugs so long for the pain that I became addicted to them and had to go into DePaul Hospital to get off. Thats where I met Mr. Carter.

I went back to school full time in the day time and did splendid in everything but Math so I gave up. I had to go in the hospital anyway. As a matter of fact things got so bad that I tried to commit suicide and all that did was land me back in the hospital again.

So as you can probably see, I've been gradually paying for all my foul deeds. I guess God has punished me for what all I did to you.

The fellow I was going steady with had just finished school and was waiting to take his exams with the state board of Pharmacy when he was arrested at a party because some of the kids there had pot. I had left the party 10 minutes before the raid and I knew that he wasn't smoking any of it. I even testified for him along with some other people but

they claimed that his being there made him guilty too. So when he gets out of prison he'll never be able to practise pharmacy. He was the only thing I had to live for left.

Mr. Carter had promised me a job on his yacht as he is planing a cruise when he gets out of the hospital but I don't know if he'll still mean it when he gets out and that might be awhile yet. He told me so much about writting books that I'm really interested in it. I still remember a lot you told me. God! I enjoyed our friendship so much, that I really regret my having spoiled it all. Anyway, I think if I knew how and had the proper help that I could maybe write a winner.

I can't get a regular job on account of my leg.

I have to go mail this now and I would appreciate hearing from you again but I would understand if I didn't after all the trouble I caused.

Sincerely

Doris